

The Columbian.

VOL. 4—NO. 15.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE FLORENCE

SEWING-MACHINES
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Salesroom, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
While a large number of Machines have been offered to the public, none of which possess the qualities of excellence and acknowledged merit, we have long felt what others have experienced, the necessity of a Machine more perfect in its mechanical structure, combining in the

HIGHEST DEGREE
SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY,
and while capable of doing a
GREAT RANGE OF WORK,
one that could be easily understood and comprehended by all.

To supply a Sewing-Machine free from the objections attached to others has been no easy task; for we not only had to surpass other Machines, as they appeared years ago, but also to improve from time to time by more recent experience. This we hold to have been accomplished by the liberal expenditure of capital, and the patient, untiring labor of years; and in presenting our Machine to the public, we shall make strong assertions respecting its merits, which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Regarding the Chain and Loop, or Knit stitches, we adopted the

LOCK STITCH
(like on both sides of the fabric, which is regarded by the masses as best suited to all kinds of work, but to most objections sometimes urged against this favorite stitch, we have added the Knot, Double Lock, and Double Knot, either of which is

STRONGER AND MORE ELASTIC
than the Lock; thus enabling the operator to select a stitch

PERFECTLY SUITED
to every grade of fabric, and where necessary, sew seams much stronger than it is possible to do by hand.

THE FLORENCE
makes

FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES
with as much ease as ordinary Machines make one, and with as little machinery.

The result of repeated tests has been all we could desire, and from its first introduction the Florence has gained hosts of friends, and been regarded as a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY;
proving that the public fully appreciate the many advantages combined in the Florence Machine. Over all others, the Florence must be seen to be fully appreciated.

We claim for the
FLORENCE
the following

ADVANTAGES
over any and all

SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD:
1. It makes four different stitches, the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, on one and the same machine. Each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

2. Every Machine has the reversible feed motion, which enables the operator, by simply turning a thumb-screw, to have the work run either to the right or left, to stay any part of the seam, or fasten the ends of seams, without turning the fabric.

3. Changing the length of stitch, and from one kind of stitch to another, can readily be done while the Machine is in motion.

4. The needle is easily adjusted, and does not skip stitches.

5. It is almost noiseless, and can be used where quiet is necessary.

6. Its motions are all positive; there are no springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables any one to operate it.

7. It does not require finer thread on the under than on the upper side, and will sew across the heaviest seam, or from one to more thicknesses of cloth, without change of needle, tension, breaking thread, or skipping stitches.

8. The Hemmer is easily adjusted, and will turn any width of hem desired.

9. No other Machine will do so or at a range of work as the Florence.

10. It will hem, felt, bind, gather, braid, quilt, and gather and sew on a ruffle at the same time. It has no springs to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

The taking up of the slack-thread is not performed by the irregular contraction of a wire coil or uncertain operation of springs. The precision cut accuracy with which the Florence draws the thread into the cloth is unapproached by any Sewing-Machine hitherto offered in the world.

We furnish each Machine with "Barnum's Self-Sewer," which guides the work itself, and is of incalculable value, especially to inexperienced operators.

While possessing the above, and many other advantages, the Florence is sold at corresponding prices with other first-class Machines, and a careful examination will fully substantiate all that we have claimed for it, and justify the assertion we now make, that it is the best Sewing-Machine in the world.

We warrant every Machine to be all that we claim for it, and to give entire satisfaction, and will give a written warranty, if required.

Liberal arrangements made with those who buy to sell again. Further information may be had by enclosing stamps to the General Office of the Florence Sewing-Machine Company, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PRICES OF MACHINES.

No. 1, Plain.—This Machine makes the lock and knot stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$65
No. 2, Florence.—Gold-ornamented Machine, with drawer, and light cover, without lock; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$75
No. 3, Silver-plated Machine, gold-ornamented; table of finished walnut, with heavy half-cane, lock and drawer; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$85
No. 4, Silver-plated Machine, highly ornamented, and makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$95
Polished mahogany table.	\$66
Polished Rosewood Table.	\$67
No. 5, Walnut table, in oil.	\$68
Mahogany table, in oil.	\$69
Rosewood table, in oil.	\$70
No. 6, Walnut, oil finished.	\$71
Mahogany table.	\$72
Rosewood table.	\$73

G. G. EVANS, General Agent,
630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

THE COLUMBIAN.

A Democratic Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
Bloombsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The principles of this paper are the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view all this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while to that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The freeds and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisement of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. Its Conductors are determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any deleterious doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use their very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Proprietors of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully place it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If dates, names and places are carefully given, the Editors will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publishers and all payments therefor enforced in their names.

THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions \$1.50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

space.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
One square.	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50
Two squares.	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75
Three squares.	4.00	2.50	1.75	1.25	1.00
Four squares.	5.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.25
Half column.	10.00	6.00	4.00	3.00	2.00
One column.	15.00	9.00	6.00	4.00	3.00

Executive and Administrator's Notice \$2.00; Auditor's Notice \$2.50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; all others due after the first insertion.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for the paper not being taken.

A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another—or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If a subscriber who is in arrears orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them unopened for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. It is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed to

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbia Office,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robinson's Buildings, near the Court House, by

CHAS. M. YANDERLICK,

FRANK R. SEIDER.

CATAWISSA RAILROAD.

From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass through as follows:

GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 1 P.M.

GEORGE WEBB, Sept.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbia office. Authorized agent for the collection of Bounties, Back Pay, Pensions, and all other demands against the State and National Governments.

Original Poetry.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

MORRIS INTRATED.

Whither, oh! whither, maddest, do ye run,
The sword unsheathed, the war almost begun;
Has then too little Anglo-Saxon blood
Been poured on Earth, or mixed with Neptune's flood?

Not to defend our rights from foreign power,
Not to avenge the insult of an hour,
Not that our flag should float o'er Canada,
Or teach fierce Russia the mildness of our way.

Not to give Mexico a code of laws,
Or to rise in Ireland's noble cause;
But to dissolve, such seem the cruel Fates,
The genial union of these happy States.

Degrade our people to a second place,
And raise above them an inferior race,
And east ten Commonwealths in one fell day,
Beneath the heel of military sway.

Destroy one-half the commerce of the main,
While famine hordes above the plundered plain;
That faithful Britain may her wish enjoy,
And traitors Phillips his foul tongue employ.

That Stevens may misrepresentation prove,
And Sumner for the Ethiop show his love!
The rage of wolves and lions is confined,
They never prey but on a different kind!

But these their brethren have with malice dead,
And choose the dark, degraded wretch-head:
Make him the idol of the passing hour,
Give him the wield of the Governmental power.

And placed on high, beneath his sacred shade,
Worship the God heed they themselves have made.
And is it so? Is Anglo-Saxon blood
Pure and unmix'd, no longer at the flood?

Think not that Nature to herself untrue,
Will the great work of centuries undo;
The word of God ye stubborn blockheads see,
For Christ still shall Jehovah's servant be!

PERCIVAL.

Miscellaneous.

THE GOLD-BUG.

(CONTINUED.)

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not too severe with the poor fellow—don't fog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form an idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, Massa, day ain't bin nothin' pleasant since den—'twas fore den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dere."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartin Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws cuff massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug—he klick and bite ebery ting what come near him. Massa Will cotch him fust, but he had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha' got de mouff. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece of it in he mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't think nothin' about it—I nose it. What take him dream about de goole so much, if it taint cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? Why he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pisse! and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

MY DEAR —
Why have I not seen you so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offence at any little brusquerie of mine; but no, that is improbable.

Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other-way, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solo*, among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. Do come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the highest importance.

Ever yours,

WM. LEGRAND.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade." "Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buyin' for him in de town, and de debbils ov'er lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and deblit take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut.

It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressment* which alarmed me, and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring vivaciously, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus*!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd radder not go for trouble dat bug—you must git him for your own self. Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near the extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug."

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he, and I felt it, and to tell the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed. "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves!"

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God! settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about 4 o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his

master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went.

When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a change of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a northerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of human footsteps was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own convenience upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all the other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree Legrand, turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

"Yes, massa! Jup climb any tree he ever see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what you are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug Massa Will!—de goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—golly if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by the string—but, if you do not take it up with you some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TOO MUCH ELEVATION.

In the recent gossiping letter to the *Territorial Enterprise*, Dan De Quille, writing from Downieville, Sierra County, gives the following: "Once upon a time" on a certain Sunday, a certain doctor living here, who like the most reckless of us occasionally gets forty drops within him too much and becomes an imbecility himself, was earnestly discoursing in the midst of a group of acurating imbecilities upon a grand project which he had just conceived. This grand project was nothing less than digging a tunnel from Downieville to Forest City—distance as the crow flies four miles. The party stood in front of a saloon near the end of Dungan bridge. While the doctor was in the midst of a speech setting forth the immense benefits to be derived from the early completion of this grand enterprise—which was to tap the leads and from an excellent road between the two towns—the minister presiding at one of the churches in the town crossed the bridge on his way to church and came up to the group. Not noticing that the doctor was much intoxicated, he stopped and listened a while to the "grand project." At length, taking advantage of a pause in the doctor's eloquent appeal in behalf of his darling scheme; he said: "Doctor, come with me and I will show you a road much more profitable!"

The doctor's bump of convalescence was at once aroused. "What road is that, sir?" "What road is that?" "Why, Doctor, the road to Heaven!" "Road to Heaven! go along, it won't do—won't do, sir; can't overcome the elevation!" The minister passed on, musing.

WHY WOMEN CANNOT ENTER MASONIC LODGES.

When King Solomon was still a young man he had married his seventh wife. She was a beautiful young Ammonitess, with locks as black as the raven's wing, and eyes as bright as the eagle's. It was believed that she was the favored fair one among all the sultanas of the Great King; for his affections were not divided then as they afterward became. She knew her power, and used it unsparingly. In addition to her other qualities, she was as inquisitive as ever was a woman on this earth.

One evening King Solomon attended lodge, on some grand occasion, and stayed out somewhat late. When he returned home, he found the fair Ammonitess in the dumps, and putting just as the dear wives of Masons do sometimes now when their lords stay out late at the Lodge. She upbraided him with neglecting her, insinuated that he hadn't been to the Lodge as he pretended, and insisted that in future he should give proof that he went there by having herself initiated, so that she might go there and watch him.

"Daughter of Ammon," replied the King, "thou hast behaved thyself as one of the foolish women in presuming to question thy lord and master. Thou art not so angry with me as thou pretendest to be for the true reason of this behavior is thy insatiable curiosity, in which thou excellest. Ever herself. Know then, that I here ordain that neither thou, nor any of thy inquisitive sex after thee shall ever enter the portals of a Masonic Lodge; but I shall enjoin the Tyler to pierce through with his drawn sword any woman that shall attempt to enter a lodge; aye, even thee, Queen of Israel though thou be. And that ordinance of this wise of monarchs has continued in force until this day.

We hope, now, that we have satisfied the curiosity of

NEW DRUG STORE.

[illegible]

Farmer's Department.

External Application of Castor Oil.

It is said castor oil is much better to soften and redeem old leather, than any other oil known. When boots and shoes are greased with it, the oil will not at all interfere with the polishing afterwards, as in the case with lard, olive, or any other oil. In Harrisburg, the old leather horse of some of the fire companies were greased with it, and found to become almost as soft and flexible as new leather. Leather belts for transmitting motion in machinery will usually last three or five years, according to the wear and tear they are exposed to; when greased with castor oil they will last ten years or more as they always remain flexible and do not crack. Besides this advantage castor oil prevents slipping, so that a belt three inches wide, impregnated with it, will be equal to a belt four and a half inches wide without castor oil. It is necessary however, to wait twenty-four hours till the oil has disappeared from the surface and penetrated the leather, otherwise the freshly greased surface will cause slipping. That rats and other vermin detest anything impregnated with castor oil and will not touch it, is another advantage.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Rules for Cow Management.

Cows should run dry six weeks before calving. I milked closely toward calving the calves will be poorer. A cow newly come in should not drink cold water in cold weather but moderately warm slop. Calves intended for raising should be taken from the cow within a few days, and they will be less liable to suck when they are old. Feed them first on new milk for a while, then skim milk taking care that all the changes are gradual, by adding only a portion at first.

Hearty eaters are desirable for cows, and may usually be selected while calves. A dairy calf will be a dairy cow. Heifers dried up too early after calving will always run dry about the same time in after years—therefore be careful to milk closely the first year until about six weeks before calving.

Spring cows should come in while they are yet fed on hay, and before they are turned to grass, which will be more likely to prevent caked bag and milk fever.

Facts Worth Remembering.

A correspondent gives the following facts worth remembering: It is worth while for all farmers everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer than purchased in the winter.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches him is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrumping the feed of fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That cows should always be milked regularly and clean.

How to Raise Early Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph thus gives his method of raising early potatoes: "I thoroughly plough the ground as early as the spring will permit, put it in a nice condition, and strike out the rows the same as corn, three feet apart and shallow. Then drop the seed about fifteen inches apart and cover with a hoe; about one inch deep is sufficient to keep out frost, and the heat of the sun on the surface soon sprouts the potatoes. I generally grow Buckeyes for early potatoes. There may be earlier varieties, but not so good. Last season I used them continually from the 8th June, and that was before there was any potatoes in the market, except a few from Norfolk. I don't want any long manure about my potatoes would sooner have none. This plan of raising potatoes is equally good for the late ones, on stiff or wet lands."

Propagation from Roots.

Root plants are freely grown from small pieces of roots cut from the parent. Very few amateurs are aware how easily they may increase their stocks of raspberries, blackberries, or seedling pears, apples, quinces, etc. by simple pieces of the roots. Early in the spring scrape the earth away carefully from around the tree or plant that you wish to propagate; then, with a sharp knife, cut from the roots pieces from an inch to three inches long; take them to a piece of well prepared ground, raked smooth on top; lay them on it, at distances of three to six inches apart; cover with an inch deep of clean sand, and then about two inches of peat muck, or light rotten leafmold. Nearly every piece or root will grow, and in the fall present you good strong plants.

Save the waste Bones.

There is in almost every family a daily waste of bones, that if saved and applied to the roots of the pear tree and grapevines in the garden, would supply yearly sufficient manure for one hundred plants.

We have seen the roots of a pear tree turn from a two-thirds radius of the circle to embrace and feed upon a few bones that were buried on one side of the tree. Hoare, in his "Treatise on the Vine," gives an account of the roots of the vines passing through dry clay to reach a bone, giving out no lateral or fibrous roots until it reached the bone, but when there, sent out numerous fibers, perfectly embracing and covering it.

Wasteful. The Boston Post says Vermont farmers waste manure enough every year to pay for the breadstuffs that the State gets from the West.

For the Young Folks.

The Thief and the Dog.

A Thief coming to rob a house would have stopped the barking of a dog by throwing soap to him. "Away with you!" said the Dog; "I had my suspicions of you before, but this excess of civility assures me that you are a rogue." A bribe in hand betrays mischief at heart.

The Falconer and the Partridge.

A Falconer having taken a Partridge in his net, the bird cried out sorrowfully, "Let me go, good Master Falconer, and I promise you I will decoy other Partridges into your net." "No," said the man, "whatever I might have done, I am determined now not to spare you; for there is no death too bad for him who is ready to betray his friends."

The Travelers and the Plane Trees.

Some Travelers, on a hot day in summer, oppressed with the noontide sun, peevish at a Plane-tree near at hand, made straight for it, and throwing themselves on the ground rested under its shade. Looking up, as they lay towards the tree, they said one to another, "What a useless tree to man is this barren Plane!" But the Plane-tree answered them, "Ungrateful creatures! at the very moment you are enjoying benefit from me, you rail at me as being good for nothing."

The Farmer and the Cranes.

Some Cranes settled down in a Farmer's field that was newly sown. For some time the Farmer frightened them away by brandishing an empty sling at them. But when the Cranes found that he was only slinging to the winds, they no longer minded him, nor flew away. Upon this the Farmer slung at them with stones, and killed a great part of them. "Let us be off," said the rest, "to the land of the Pygmies, for this man means to threaten us no longer, but is determined to get rid of us in earnest."

The Birds, Beasts, and Bat.

Once upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof and remained neutral. At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the darkness of twilight.

The Pigeons and the Kite.

Some pigeons had long lived in fear of a Kite, but by being always on the alert, and keeping near their dove-cote, they had contrived hitherto to escape the attacks of the enemy. Finding his sallies unsuccessful, the Kite betook himself to craft: "Why," said he, "do you prefer this life of anxiety when, if you would only make me your king, I would secure you from every attack that could be made upon you?" The Pigeons, trusting to his professions, called him to the throne; but no sooner was he established there than he exercised his prerogative by devouring a pigeon a day. Whereupon one that yet awaited his turn, said no more than "It serves us right."

They who voluntarily put power into the hand of a tyrant or an enemy, must not wonder if it be at last turned against themselves.

The Vain Jackdaw.

A Jackdaw, as vain and conceited as Jackdaw could be, picked up the feathers which some Peacocks had shed, stuck them amongst his own, and, deprecating his old companions, introduced himself with the greatest assurance into a flock of those beautiful birds. They, instantly detecting the intruder, stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and falling upon him with their beaks, sent him about his business. The unlucky Jackdaw, sorely punished and deeply sorrowing, betook himself to his former companions, and would have flocked with them again as if nothing had happened. But they, recollecting what airs he had given himself drummed him out of their society, while one of those whom he had so lately despised, read him this lecture: "Had you been contented with what nature made you; you would have escaped the chastisement of your betters and also the contempt of your equals."

The Fox and the Woodman.

A Fox, hard pressed by the hounds after a long run came up to a man who was cutting wood, and begged him to afford him some place where he might hide himself. The man showed him his own hut, and the Fox creeping in, hid himself in a corner. The Hunters presently came up, and asking the man whether he had seen the Fox, "No," said he, but pointed his finger to the corner. They, however not understanding the hint, were off again immediately. When the Fox perceived that they were out of sight, he was stealing off without saying a word. But the man upbraided him, saying, "Is this the way you take leave of your host, without a word of thanks for your safety?" "A pretty host!" said the Fox, turning round upon him, "if you had been as honest with your tongue, I should not have left your roof without bidding you farewell."

There is as much malice in a wink as in a word.

A Good man in Utica gave one hundred and twenty children of the Orphan Asylum a sleigh ride, all in one load.

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GRAND OPENING

GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
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FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
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